THE MIRROVR of Madnes, or a Paradoxe maintayning Madnes to be most excellent: done out of French into English, by Ia. San. Gent.

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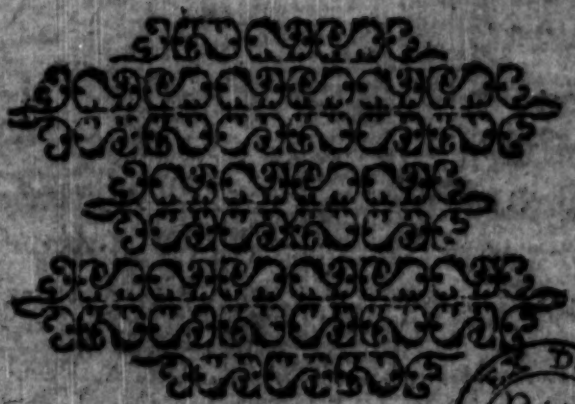

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Imprinted at London in Fleetestreate, neare to S. Dunstones Church by Thomas Marshe.

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THE MIRROVR of Madnes, or a Paradoxe maintaining 49 abnes to be most excellent: done out of French into English, by Ia. San. Gent.

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To the right woshipful Sir *Arthur Champernon Knighte, longe* healthe with encrease of all *prosperity*.

GReat is the force of fortune (Righte worshipfull) on either side, to welfare or euill fare, as *Cicero* the moste aboundant fountayne of Eloquence confesseth, but far greater is that of nature, whiche, as *Seneca* saith, is a reason deuine, sowen in the world and the partes thereof. From whence all honest actions are derriued as from there foundresse, and by whom all thinges are maytayned, as by their Preserueresse. Greatly it is to be wished, that nature, mistresse aud lady of liuing thinges, as a diuine power, whiche to all men worketh all things for the best, were followed, not neglected: were embraced, not dispised: and as euerye particular parson respecteth chiefly himself, and preferreth his profit before the

commoditie of the multitude, so hath she a speciall regard of al, not of some, of manye not of a few, for then her force should faile, and liuing thinges should cease to liue, men should become no men, the world no world, all thinges should be reduced to that Chaos and confuse mixture, which (as the Poetes faigne) was in the beginning before beawtie was giuē to the world. Some there be which endeuoure to excell others or to bee equall with others in learninge, actiuity, and qualities commendable, as it weere enuyinge at their knowledges, becauſe they do not cōterualle and ſurpaſſe them, doubtles that emulation is good and procedeth frō nature: for it ſtriueth for excellencie, and ſeketh to aſpire to perfection, if we followed nature as ſhe doth vs, that is to ſay as ſhe doth aduyſe vs, we ſhould neuer treade beſides the pathe, that goldē āge that was ſhortly after the beginning ſhould eſteſones haue recourſe, cōmon weales ſhould be wel ordered, and mās life wel framed. Nature is now peruerted by the corrupt cuſtomes of men, and an other Golden worlde farre vnlike to the other is crept in, whereof *Tibullus* the Poete maketh

mention

ment ion in these Verses.

Aurea nunc verè sunt secula, plurimus Auro
Venit honos, Auro conciliatur Amor.

Novv golden are the times, and highe renovvn
For golde is sould, for golde eke loue is vvon.

This corrupte tyme hath continued many hũdreth yeares, and nature is chaũged into a naughty nature, which doth wel neare infect the mindes of all men, eatinge out that pure nature which is almoste consumed, and few sparkles therof remayne: The chiefeste cause and original hereof is a certayn detestable desire engraffed iu al mens mindes of soueraigntye, authoritye, honour and gold which one healpeth to the rest: for al things obey monie and she alone beareth the sway. Loue is litle regarded and esteemed, and friendship in most men waxeth cold, which two, nature hath principally brought forth for the comforte and commoditie of man: for man vnto man is most comfortable and profitable, therefore the Greeke Prouerbe sayth Ἄνθρωπος ἄνθρωπος δαίμονιον mã is to man a God, your friendship and courtesie which Nature hath wrought in you (Right worshipful) moued me to addresse the fewe

leaues folowinge vnto you bearing witnes of my good wil and affection. VVherefore if you take it in good parte, I shal not think my laboure mispent, but requited: thus vnwilling to trouble your worshipp with many words, I ceasse wishing that fortune would fauour and aduaũce you, and Nature graũt you long life.

Your woorshippes during life.

I. S.

To the reader.

FRom foraine Realme, this treatiſe ſmall,
transported came
To Engliſhe coaſte, in Frenche attire,
ſtill flitting Fame
Doth blowe abroade thinges once diſcloſde,
in euery lande,
In writt en woordes, which aie in Bookes
ſhall firmelye ſtand.
Reproue me not, though fame by me
enlargement take
This triſling toy, this merrieſte,
for ſolace ſake,
Compiled was in foraine ſpeache,
I pardon craue,
If any bee, whom I herein
offended haue.
For Cynicke *like the Authoure here,*
with ſkoffes doth barke
At mens madde deedes, which vainely bent
no reaſon marke.
Wherefore in earneſt ſome wil take,
that which in ieſte
Is meant of me, in doing ſo,
they do not beſt.

To the reader.

Receaue and reade with merie cheare,
(good Reader) this
With reasons rule, amend if ought
be done amisse.

Tutto per il Meglio.

of Madnes.

Euery thing ſhoteth to his end & ſcope, and accordinge to the ende is worthye or vnworthye, prayſed or diſprayſed, vile, or excellent, baſe or commendable ſingular or vulgar, ſo whē ẏ thing obtayneth his perfect end, it is moſt ſet by, but whē the perfecteſt of endes is compaſſed and atcheiued thē is it an honour to haue won ẏ goale. Certes the Philoſophers haue made an endles diſputation aboute endes: the Platonickes one way: the Stoicks an other, the Peripateticks the third way, the Epicures the fourth, and all theſe contrarie one to an other, ful of diuerſitye and diſagreement, ſo that it ſhoulde bee no maruayle for a blynde man to groape ſithence he that ſeeth cannot fynde the waye, nowe if I ſhewe a cheife ende eaſier to bee founde out then al theſe, vnto the whiche all theſe ſhoote and haue theyre recourſe and in the which they are contayned, will there not a newe Secte of Philoſophers aryſe vp euē

of themselues and saye with mee that Madnes is beste. Verily this were no hard matter to be proued for euen vpon madnes haue they inuented new wayes, straunge deuises, and forged innouations of endes, euery man to eate out vayne glory from an other. Now sithence the originall of vaine glory is Madnes, and as the Latine Poet rudely singeth Insania, gloria Vana: *Vain glorie is Madnes.* Whiche eatyng the hart, sayth Plato, euer as a continuall Worme, and as the Gripe doth the liuer of Titius as our Poetes faine, endeth al in it selfe where it firste had his beginning: so then, Propter quod vnumquodque tale & illud facit magis tale. *What soeuer thing maketh the thing such, the thing wherby it is made, is of necessitie more suche.* But by the reason of Madnes, that is to saye, the matter, Philosophers bookes are estemed, & accompted most excellent, therefore of Consequence Madnes it selfe is without comparison. Now let vs see whiche of theym will proue best, the Mad man, that is as I haue proued the notablest Philosopher. And firste to begin with Zeno the Stoicke who sayde, That the chiefest ende of mans life was vertue which he calleth Ταγαθον, that is to say,

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The chiefeste and perfectest Good, the waye whereunto to aspire passeth all mans reaso as he hath framed and inuented it. For this graunted, that all men bee without perturbacions which will reache this ende, what is ytels to saye, but that all men are worse by his sentence definitiue, then Bedlems. The kinge commaundeth me to seruein his Warres, if I slay him that came to shay me, or if I reuenge my dead Fryende vppon the body of my yet liuinge enimy, it was but for good wil, and not for anger: Why so I pray you? Forsoth Zeno sayth so. If I take a malefactour, which hath either despoiled me of my goods, or good name, peraduenture some other of my leeges subiectes, & arrayn thē at the barre and sue him to deathe therfore: I did it not for anger, but for good will to the partye: why so I pray you? Forsoothe Zeno sayth so. If I see my wyfe violated before mine eies & I come to hir succoures, & endamage the Traitour of my bodie, and the Aduultecesse a like, I did it for friendshippe, and not for malice: Why so I pray you sir? Forsooth Zeno sayeth so. Al these thinges ought to moue a wyse man, and yet this man is so Cholerick, that he graspeth nature fast by ỹ

bosome:

bosome, we must not wepe for our frendes, our parentes, or countrye no more then I must reioyce ouer them for theire welthe: Yea although it touche my selfe to the one, for that it is vnseeminge for a wyse man, to conceaue anye griefe, whiche hee calleth λυπε: ỹ other, for that neither barrel is better hearing, and that he calleth ὑπερεφανια that is to saye, *surplusage of boasting*. But heere commeth in Aristotle and saythe, *A wyse mannes parte is to measure hys anger*: and that he teacheth in his Ethicks, and him taketh vp Tullie, in his Tusculanes, wyth this frendly taunt: Modū tu adhibes vitio? *what* (saith he) *putt est thou a measure in a fault?* Nothing against stomack (good Maister Cicero) but if a man shoulde aske you without choler I know you are a Stoicke, you cānnot bee angry & that made you so stoicklike, in the face of the whole Courte, to crye againste Marcus Antonius, for very loue I am sure, Sedens pro tribunali vino inebriatus & eructās frustis esculentis etiam iudex & gremium suum & totū tribunal implevit: *Sittīg vpō the Bēch, beīg Chiefe iudge, drūke with wine, & bealchīg in the faces of the people hee filled with greasie gobbets his owne*

lappe,

lappe, and the whole Iudgement Seat together.
But to aske you in conclusion, what thincke you all anger, a Vice? what a little anger? what the leste? why, I perceiue there is no meane, for al standeth in extremityes: First Anger is a faulte, and a vice most horrible, then Lenitie muste needes bee a vice, and as horrible as it: for al vertues, stand betwene two extreames, that is to saye, Vices, as Aristotle well defineth, sayinge: Virtus est habitus in mediocritate positus rationi consentaneus: *Vertue is an habite, cõsisting in mediocritie, to Reason agreable.* If all anger be naught, then all the contrary is naught: so by consequence, Vertue is iacke out of office: & Vertue banished, Reason maye go shake his eares, Reason exiled, what foloweth but Madnes? Therefore all turned to Vice, all is starke staring Madnes. So is youre maister Zenoes great end come to nothinge. Ah sirra, I am glad I haue met with you, *taise vous* (saith Zeno) no more of that geare: I am sure there are as mad as my selfe. Whom think you? Forsooth Aristotle: yea sir, come foorth & answeare to your complaynte, Zeno sayth, you are as madde as he: let me heare what can you say for your selfe: what pour-

pose you, the chiefeste ende of mannes lyfe? Forsooth I think felicitee: Ah do you so sir? In deede sir, I doe well remember, that in your Schole there are twoo kindes of felicitye, the one consisting in Action, the other in Contemplation, and the first, you define after this sorte, to bee an Action perfecte, in a perfecte life: nowe Aristotle, I praye you, tel me where is a perfecte life to bee founde? Sir, my workes speake for me. Ah sir, I remember wel in deede I reade thus, *There is* (say you) *a simple felicitie, and ther is a felicitie Aggregate*: The simple Felicity, cõsisteth of Uertue, and they are not able to stand in Zenoes Schole, who magnifyeth theym a yarde aboue you: Simple felicitee (quoth you) alas poore shoten hearing, this wil not serue the turne: but let vs bewe a litle further, you say, that: Felix semper agit: *The happy mã is alwaies occupied*: tel me Aristotle I praye you, howe, sleappynge or wakynge? Both: wel bowld Aristotle, hath your head beene occupyed whyleste you weere a sleepe? why not: wel aunswered Aristotle, I beleeue you well for not so litle as the bridle wherewith you weere snaffled like a packe horse, (you knowe what I meane) and I thinke

thinke youre heade as greatlye occupyed in sleepe, to contriue an Alisander roote, in steede of natures Alisander buddes, whye, good Mayster Aristotle, do not you confesse that dreames come of humoures, in youre bookes, De somno & vigilia: if then humours worke in sleepe, what hath vertue to do, let hic go tel chearye stones, & then God giue you good night, thus is youre Symple felicitee simplye proued. Now let vs come to your Aggregate felicity, but what are the goodes of fortune and body: who so of anye of these is destitute leseth name of happy: & what bee the goods of Fortune? not as vncertayne as her selfe, ebbing and flowing like the Sea, waxinge and waninge like the Mone, florishinge & fading like the flowers, postes of lustes, slaues of tyme, and altogether vnstable: as for the Body either disease withereth all calamity chaungeth, or death destroyeth and admitte bothe were presente, the goods of Fortune, and Body, let reason surcease in mynde, whiche cannot bee, but where vertue is, whiche is not to bee founde as I haue proued, & al is turned topsiturye from discretion to madnes. Ah sir, howe do you by this tyme? let me feele your Pulses,

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me thincketh the feuer is foꝛe vppon you, oh Gods Loꝛde I am deceiued, but I peꝛceiue, where the shooe wꝛyngeth you, youe seeke youꝛ refuge, on Goddes name, as Felicitye Contemplatiue, and therein you are altogether wꝛapped in the skyes: youꝛ mynd is altogeather vpon ꝑ Church. Foꝛsooth of men, we muste become Goddes: of Terrestriall, Celestiall: of bodies, mindes: & to conclude, of men, madde men: Wee muste noꝛ thinke on the kitchin, because of the paꝛlour: noꝛ of the paꝛloure, because of the chamber: noꝛ of the chaumber, because of the garret: noꝛ of the garret, because of the ayꝛe: wee muste liue farre aboue the nature of Crowes. Thus muste men diet themselues with contemplation: thus laye yee bolsters vnder mennes elbowes, teaching them, to be secure, and idle, and to growe to the stole with contemplacyon. Is not this of al Madnes the moste extreame? Come hither, come hyther Tullie, let me heaꝛ thy iudgement, thou sometymes madest a booke, as concerning an Oꝛatoure, tell mee when thinckeste thou suche a one wilbe? surely when the Alpes and Appenine hilles, stande bare without snowe. Come hither Plato, thou madest as greate a woꝛke

as he, of the Common Wealth, when thynkest thou that suche a one wyll euer aryse as thou speakest e of. Surelye not as lõg as my wooꝛkes bee extante: doubtles then are yee both starke staringe mad now. Set the ones Common VVeale, the others Oratour, the third Felicitie, together in equal balance, & therto of our tyme (if ye please) the Courtier of Coũt Baldesser Castilio, to bealpe ꝑ scale as likely to be as any of these, and the excellencye of all these thinges, is altogether Madnes. Nowe to the Platonicke, methink I heere Aristotle accuse him hither, I warrãt you a good scholler that can speak so wel of his maister, and yet I thinke in this place not without some good reason. Plato putteth his chiefest ende in a certayne thinge whiche he calleth Idea, whiche is nothinge els, but a conceipt of mynd in Imagination, whereby in the same wee gather some thinge: as foꝛ example, in Imagination, I conceiue the nature of a Serpente, and by conceite I frame vnto my selfe an Image: this Image so framed in Imagination, is called Idea. Nowe Plato bowe can Idea be Summum bonum, *The soueraigne good*, Aristotle saieth it cãnot bee: the greatest reason is, because it is in

euery predicament to bee founde, to vse that reason onlye if it bee in euerye predicament, as it muste needes be graunted, for all Vniuersalles (as the Logitioners wel say) are nothinge els, but Conceptus animi, thinges conceiued in mynde, gathered and collected together, by a numbers of singulars, aswel in Accidences as in Substaunces, as by this man, and that man, and so forth, from one to an other: I gather a whole nature, whiche is a man: so likewyse, seinge a man ridinge with his hawke on his fist, I gather a whole vniuersall nature whiche is a liuinge creature: Nowe Plato, if euery vniuersall bee a Soueraigne good, then euery particular is a lesse good, but as the one is false, so is the other peraduenture you will saye, In suo genere: why then, where is the chiefe? Goe further, euery forme conceiued, is Idea, many of these be concepued in sleepe, διὰ φαντασια ἐνεργομενην, that is by mean of phantasie whiche is euer occuppyed, nowe if these Ideas beare the soueraintee, surelye it is a phantasticall soueraintee so as yet finde you not that whiche you sought for. The Philosophers say, that ἐνδελεχεῖα soundeth Idea and that all formes, so resembled, be called

by

by that name, and hereunto liken they the Soule, and doubte not to call Celestiall natures ἐνδελεχείας whiche the Latine Philosophers interpret Actus puri, *pure Actiõs*, segregate from all concretion mortal. Now certaynelye the Soule is not that, whiche Plato meaneth for it hath neede of it, Celestyal Spyrites are not it, for the Soule is of equall nature with theym: Then is it some greater matter that we looke, for perchaũce Plato mente that, whiche Aristotle coulde not perceaue, for hee hath alwayes recourse Ad Opificem Formarum: *To the shaper of formes*, and to the principall forme it selfe, the participation of wh'ch, wee cannot enioy, so longe as in this lyfe wee remayne: so then death is the ende of this lyfe, and the fruityon of that forme, the beginninge of an other Moreouer, Vertues excluded, as yee se, how shal the participation of that forme be obtained and Plato himselfe confesseth, that the same is, Bonum inaccessibile, a Soueraygne good, which cannot be attayned: what then is this life but mere Madnes? and whye maye I not conclude with Solon, Ante obitũ fælix nemo, *Happy graue, happye man*. The laste Gentleman, me thinketh is

faste a sleepe in deede, I weare verye loth to disquiet him, for the man hathe a Burdeaux hammer worcking in his heade, how say you Epicure, are ye awake? Ah wel sayde, wee may then talke wyth you by leasure, what is the chiefeste good epicure?: pleasure. How many braunches be there of it? Foure: which be they? rehearse the Articles of your belefe.

Fyrste I beleeue a cuppe of Wyne is wonderfull good, then I beleeue that Custarde, Tarte and Marchepane, that minsed Pyes of the best sorte, that Uenerie and Uenison, that Quaile, Fesaunte, Patriche & Plouer with other suche daintie wildefowle, that Drenges in Sirupe, & Sirupes of all sortes, that Comfittes, Biskets, and Carawayes, that Jelies of all coloure, that Succettes, Marmalades, and greene ginger, & briefly what soeuer delighteth mouth & throte, especially is to be regarded: marry sir here is an

Article with al my hert, and of a substancial

lengthe, proceede: Thyrdly, I beleeue that fine apparell, vppon the whiche moste coste may be bestowed, euen to the bigheste brauery, to glitter in Silkes, and Uelues and to smell sweete of the Donge of a muskecat, to haue the cappe full of Agglets and the bush

of

of Fethers in the toppe braue and Bullaine lyke the Chayne of Golde fiue tymes double aboute the necke, and thereat a pendant tablet, and euerye finger besette with three or foure rynges, beside the great sygnet vppon the thombe, and a paire of Gorgious and perfumed gloues therupon, lastly a great trowpe and trayne of men, and my Horse trymly trapped, wyth Veluet imbrodred, set wyth golden Studdes, and whatsoeuer appertayneth or maketh to pompous state and princely port ẏ singularly is to be holden precious. Now doubtles you beleue well, go further: Fourthlye, I beleeue that to haue my house richelye dyght and hanged according to my state and condition, and in all partes furnished after the beste manner, my chaumbers I saye, Parloures and other suche romes hanged wyth Clothe of Tyssue, Arrace, and Goolde, my Cupbordes heades set oute and adorned after the richest, costlieste, and most

Gloryous maner, wyth one cuppe cocke

height vpon an other, beside the greate basen and ewer both of Siluer and Golde, filled at conuenient tymes with sweete and pleasaũt waters wherewith my dilicate handes maye be washed, my heade recreated and my nose

refreshe, prouided alwayes that there bee of all sortes to contente and please the eies of the beholder, I perceaue ye knowe howe to spende monye, if you knewe alwell howe to come by it, proceede: Fytlie, I beleue that to haue my chamber well perfumed, my bedde softly made, my Cortaynes finely drawen, & my pretye Pigsnie gingerly in myne armes, or els my wantone Ganimede is a thing eue alone for my tooth: now doubtles you shewe bushe natural Epicure, yet notwithstanding hold one as you haue b gonne. Lastly, I beleeue to sleepe euen til noone, & then to aryse to dinner, and then to borow an vndermeale of sleepe agayne and then to walke a little before supper, to get a stomacke, and at euerye meale to haue my crull trickste, and merye minion by my whyte side, and to make the square boones, or Gromeporters daunce betweene twoo candelsticks, paraduenture a whole night together: this with the residue of the Articles aboue mentioned, I take to be the chiefeste, perfectest, and most absolute ende of mans ipse. Now surely properly and deftly done Epicure, haue you al sayde? You told me there weere foure branches of pleasure, which bee they? Eatinge, Drinkinge

Slepynge, and Mutinge: how are you able to aſpyre to al this: this doctrine is ſo ſweete, and ſo many reſort to beare it, that it neuer, ſhameth his maiſter: Of this Secte hath ben a great number, aſwel Greekes as Romãs. Truth we wil remember, firſt *Sardanapalus* is to well knowen, whoſe deathe I am ſure, the preaty pewlinge dames ſo muche bewailed, that the teares fell downe from theire eyes, as huge as milſtones: to let the reſidue paſſe and to come to Alexander, the greate, whoe knoweth not that as vppõ a Waanes he woulde nedes ſubdue the whole worlde, euen ſo, geuen to pleaſure, hee became of a Souldiar a ſawyer, of a captayn, Captiue, and of a noble Conqueroure, a notable Haukeroure: the firſt originall of this beganne in the warres pretended betweene him and the Amazones, whom when the Queene hadde ſeene, and he wel fixed vps Eies on her, with wanton regardes and countenaunces euery ſparkle kyndled a brande, and euery brande rayſed a flame, and ſo the flame ſeeking his iſſue tooke truce for affections ſake, & raged vpon the bodies of them both, thus was the battayle of manhode turned to the batterye of Cupide, whereof the ende was this that ỹ

forces of both their honoures raised, and pleasure takinge such deepe roote in the haughtye hart of the Prynce after many worthyes slayne by him in dronkenes, and Royaultee transported to Tirannye, Poyson became ẏ ende of pleasure. As for Heliogabalus, his Tower garnished with glisteringe stones, polished and set with gold, to slinge himselfe downe, if neede weare: his halters set with Pearle, and curiouslye wroughte, to hange hymselfe if neede weere: his swoorde so ryche and costly gilte, engraued and set with Margaritee, to slay hymselfe if neede were, saued him not from the violent swoorde of his enimies. To speake nothinge of Nero, whose end was most miserable and tyrannie moste insatiable, and pleasure most abhominable. The like of Periander we reade, and he a wise Philosopher, but a wylde and sauage Tyraunte, whom pleasure in the ende broughte to ende and distruction. If emperoures, if the Conquerours of all the worlde, if many more beside Tyrauntes, if Philosophers, if high, if lowe, if one, if other, serche out pleasure so diligently, followe it so inordinatlye, wallowe in it so shamefullye, ende with it so desperately, what shal I thinke, but that sithence

thence all our life, is set on pleasure and vle-
sure altogether Madnes, that all our life is
Madnes. Now excepynge the vile and
beastly pleasures, whiche are the causes, of
these shamefull endes, no man wil saye, but
that all pleasures may be allowed, for al ple-
asures, moderatly taken, are profitable, are
honest, are necessary, profitable for that they
prolong life, honest for that they be decently
vsed, necessarye, for without some pleasure,
our life is nothinge,

And for this cause, nature inuented theym,
but pleasure, as pleasure is of necessitye
Madnes, yet honest, profitable, and necessa-
rye, as before is proued, Ergo, Madnes is
both honest, profitable, and necessary. But
what if I make for Epicure, and proue, that
all pleasures are good, and excellente, then
I trust, I shall enforce the like consequence
of Madnes, my chiefe reason shall bee a sub-
iecto, for euery accidente, hath his excellencie
of his subiect: now, if pleasure be in the most
excellente subiecte; and the same Madnes:
then Madnes for the excellencie of the sub-
iect, must neces be most excellent: in the most
excellent subiecte it is, as it maye bee with a
weak finger shewed: for what subiecte canne

be more excellent in Heauen, Earthe, Purgatorye and Hell, nexte to God, or the Deuil, then the moste Holy, Reuerende, and Renowmed Father, the Uicar of Chryste, the Succeſſoure of Peter, the Lieutenaunte of Saynct Pawle, & our Ladies chiefe Chaūcelloure and Chamberlayne, who hath all knowledge in the deapthe of his breaſte, all miſteries within the ambrie, & groſſe preaſe of his vnderſtandinge, who can do aſmuche as Chryſt can, by the vertue of Saynct Peter, and more then Chryſt by the auctoritye receaued from him, wherein he hath bound himſelfe to his Holines, in ſomuche that hee is able to diſpence with the Newe and olde Teſtamente, and to call thinges whiche are not, euen as though they weere, & of nothing to make ſomethinge, and to create his creatoure, wherby he geueth the ſame auctorites to Prieſtes, and ghoſtly Fathers, likewiſe to iudge all men withoute controlmente, or checke, or iudgement of any other man, although he drew infinite heapes of ſoules to Hell after hym, likewyſe in his mouthe is euery woorde eſtabliſhed, & the leaſte woorde thereof ſtandeth to as greate effecte as the Bible, thus maie Nouatus reioyce, for his

Herſie

Heresies become Scripture, and aboue it, which was that for those that once fell, ther remayned afterward no repentaunce: thus maye Iohn the. xxii. triumph, who denied the immortallitee or euerlastingnes of the soule, affirminge that there was neyther Heauen nor Hel after deathe, and nowe his opinion is aboue Scripture, and Leo decimus hath no cause to complayne, who sayde, hee would haue Wyldefoule in despyte of Gods teeth, and maugre the Bible, this is aboue Scripture. O holy gouernoures of Peters ship O blessed Porters that carye the keies both of Heauen and Hell, of the one to shutte other men from thence, and of the other for suretie of repairaũce, but he is Lorde of all.

Nec Deꝰ es, nec homo sed neuter & inter vtrũ
Te deus elegit socium socialiter egit (que
Tecum, nãque tenet Cælum dedit & tibi terras.

Ne God, ne man but midle playne thou art,
God hath thee choose his fellovv meate to be,
And vvith thee played a right good fellovves parte.
Reseruing Heauen himselfe, and Earth for thee.

And yet his grosers and glosers worthines sticke not to cal his Holines Regem Regum & Dominum dominantium, *King of Kinges and Lorde of Lordes*, of whose curse all the whole

whoole worlde standeth in awe, and trembleth as greatelye as dothe the Catte by the Kytchin fire or els in the milke panne ouer heade and eares. But to recken vp all his grosse oppinions, especially of Transubstantiation, wyl not euery man confesse the same to bee a solemne Madnes? marke how soberlye it is proued Ἄρτον ἡμῶν ἐπιούσιον δὸς ἡμῖν σήμερον whiche is asmuch to saye, as giue vs this daye our daylye breade, whiche they interprete geue vs this daye oure supertranssubstanciated breade, fie, fie, Super sub, and trans, this is able to bringe a man into a traunce, they muste haue the Calfe wyth the whyte face, they muste haue they know not what, and yet is theire Transubstanciation as good as before, if a man aske them what the Accidentes be, they saye visible, if ye aske whereof, they saye of Breade, likewyse of the tangible Accidentes, and the gustable beynge demaunded, they answeare asmuche. Yet must wee beleue vnder payne of damnation, that euery lowsie dolte & bussardlye Sacrificer, may fetch downe Christ from Heauen into the Pixe at a sodayne, yet say they not to Crucifie him, although that they graunt him to be passible, otherwyse he

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is not fleshe, blonde, and bone, borne of the virgin Mary, I will make but this reason, he sayde when he was liuing in humain flesh in this worlde, hoc est corpus meum: *This is my body*, whiche verilye was then liuinge when it was spoken, otherwise surely would he haue sayde Hoc est cadauer meum: *This is my carcase* Now howe the Breade may bee the incorruptible body considering the nature thereof, is obiect to our senses, I see not, I am sure the deade bodye they eate not, then belike they eate the liuinge as it was before it was crucified, that were moste absurde to graunte. For the woordes of Iohn are, Cibus, quem ego dabo, caro mea est: *The meat which I will giue, is my flesh.* And this Sinaxis was instituted before his death, to be retayned and vsed after his deathe, admitte the Pryeste shoulde loose one Hoste emonge a number as we read that once he did, going to visite a sicke man, there is no other waye to finde the same agayne, but by vewing all the beastes that kneele aboute it, to marke whether there be euer a black Cowe emong the company that kneleth on one knee, and then bee shall know it is not for gracing, but for worshippe, or els if wee cannot finde hym

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in deede, to do as I hard a mery Priefte did ones comming to an olde woman & hauing loft his Hoft, he beganne to Coyne an other of his gloue, and approchynge neare to the beddes fyde, willed the good olde mother to gape and receaue her maker, fhe greedlye opened her mouth, and he thruft in his whyte letheren God, whiche beinge fomewhat touth & fhee toothelefle made a fowle agreement, at length hauing longe chawed it, and vnable to diſgeſt, fhee beganne to crye, is it he, Mayſter Parſon? it is hee? Ipſe he qui the which, mother quoth hee, thus the poore woman endeuouringe to fwallowe it was for her greate deuotion deuoutlye chooked, if the Prieft had benne as gratiouſly hanged al men wooulde haue fayde, there had bene but one Knaue out of the waye, and peraduenture repentaunce might haue ouertaken hym at the Ghoſtly Gallowes, whiche neuer did in quiet bedde, for as the fame goeth hee died deſperately, but to make concluſion we fay not that Chryſte was euer fuche a foole, to thinke to eate himſelfe, or that his Mother was euer ſo vnkynde to eate her ſonne or his Diſciples their mayſter, & that rawe fleafhe without breade too, at the leaſte for

feare

feare of ſurfeyte, for I think they knew not how to make Aqua vitæ in thoſe dayes: We then confeſſe wyth Auguſtine and ſay: vnicum habemus Domini corpus ſemel reuera in Cruce oblatum ſemper autē ipſius Fidei dentibus attritum: *Wee haue one Body of the Lorde offered in dede ones vppon the Croſſe, but alwayes broken by the teeth of fayth.* Wee confeſſe with Ambroſe, Caro Domini in Cælis caro eſt, in terris Fides eſt: *The fleſhe of the Lorde in Heauen is fleſhe, in Earth fayth.* And wyth Tertulliā, Corpus Chriſti manducare nihil aliud eſt quā in Chriſtū credere: *To eat the Body of Chriſt is nothing els but to beleue in Chriſt.* Thus ſpeakynge one thing and meaning an other like Madmen wee diſpraiſe, yet prayſe we right Madmen, whoſe holy opinions and clerkely concluſions enforce vs to think ſtill that Madnes excelleth. Yee haue harde before litle trifles, now beholde and bewe at large the greate and notable ſtage & tryumphe of Madnes, nowe behold her in all her pompe, ruffe, and iolitye, ridinge into the Capitol thorow the Romane gates and Cittie moſte victoriouſly, with a thouſande Captiues and Pezauntes at her Chariot, ſhee I ſaye who before triumphed

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in Carthage ouer the puissaunce and power of Romans, vnder the most worthye and valiaunt Hanniball, nowe dothe the lyke ouer whole Affricke, Iudea, Assiria, Egipte, Greece, Germanie, Spain Fraunce, Britaine, and a number more vnder the moste renowmed and couragious Fabius Cunctator, Scipio Affricanus, Lucius Scæuola, Lucius Torquatus, Iulius Cæser, & pōpei ꝑ great: and before their tyme Caius Marius, whose soundinge fame throwe deadlye dynte of sworde, hath wonne suche glorye immortall and atchiued suche prayse, that neyther the enuious rage of greedye deathe, neither the churlishe chappes of deuouringe tyme, neyther the hurlinge payse of vnconstaute Fortunes whele shal euer bee able to empayre, or remoue the same from the seege of memorye, & how came they to such high aduaunce-ment? not by the prerogatiue of Nobilitye, nor by the statelye stemme of Parentage nor by the sundry blastes of the lyghte and vulgar sort, but by feates and deedes in Armes by Martial prowesse, and hardy attemptes, the parent whereof is Warre, Battaile, and Fight, wherein, what mayst thou elles perceiue but very Madnes, the crashing Canon

with

wyth rumblinge, ratlinge and roaryng th ſi-
derclappes, the Captaynes ſwellinge, frea-
ting and fominge at mouth, and ſettinge vp
theire bꝛiſtles, the headdes and quarters of
menne flyinge in the ayꝛe, the hydeous gro-
nynges and Cryes of the wounded, here a
whole rancke cutte of with a chayne, there a
whole nũber murdered by the ſwoꝛde, heere
the gryſlye bodies of ꝑ ſlayn, there the mer-
ciles ſtroke of the murderour, here the rage
of ꝑ ſwooꝛde, Cuius imbuti ſemel vecors li-
bido eſt, ſaith Seneca, *Who ones embrued with
bloud ſtill thirſteth after more*, there the ſtrea-
mes of bloude, moſt pitifull to beholde and
ſhedde without all mercie in moſte aboun-
daunce and ſlaughter on euerye ſide: where
is that noble Hector, which at one tyme ſlew
ſo manye thouſande Grecians, burninge and
ſpoylinge their ſhippes moſt rufully and do-
ing ſo valiauntly that both ſea and land, and
al Greece quaked to heare hys name? where
is Achilles, the ſtout and valiaunt, of whom
the Riuer Xanthus, , will tell maruallous
thinges namely that he filled the ſame wyth
deade bodies, in ſomuche that the ſtreame
was vnable to beare them? theſe thinges are
not without cauſe lefte to memoꝛye, and .ō-

mitted to the Regyster of eternall fame, which Fame they obtayned not but by Martyall feattes, wherein consisteth the prayse and proofe of fortitude, wherein wee well perceaue nothinge but playne Madnes, whiche notwithstandinge bringeth with yt most notable endes, for therefore wee take warre in hand to liue in peace, and in warre wee shewe manhode to wynne Renowme: propose therefore whiche of these two endes ye wyll, it shall not bee amisse, for what can bee more desired then peace in common wealth, and what is more to bee embraced then renowme: thē make I this reason, what soeuer is good, and to be embraced, the same is so to bee embraced, for the ende, but the endes of Warre wherein fortitude exerciseth herselfe, are most excellente as before is proued, and warre it selfe nothing els but Madnes, as before is shewed, therefore Madnes is most soueraygne and excellēt. The like reason maye be made Abefficienti causa, for who seeth not that Warres are taken in hand for twoo causes, eyther to defende the Common weale or to reuēge oure iniuries, that therefore whereby these thynges are wrought is moste excellente, by warre they

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are wrought, Ergo, it is most excellent, but warre before is proued Madnes; therefore Madnes is most excellente. Doo not all the fower vertues concurre togeather, linked as it weere in one Chayne, wherſoeuer therfore thou findeſt Fortitude, thinke alſo that there concurreth wyth it Juſtice, Temperaunce, and Prudence, nowe if warre leade all theſe vertues as it weere by a ſtringe, as certaynly it doothe, for euery man wyll confeſſe that it is but Juſtice to reuenge Iniuries, fortitude then executeth reuenge, wiſdome ſubminiſtreth policie to reuenge, temperaunce appoynteth meaſure how farre to reuenge, then followethe conſequentlye that Madnes muſt nedes bee good, who hath for his ayde ſo manye vertues, wherewith it is garded: but here ſome curyous head wil obiecte, and ſaye, Syr can a man be madde and modeſt, I anſweare yea. aſwell as warrelyke and valiaunte: for where one vertue taketh place there the reſidewe enſue, thus may you perceaue that nothing letteth Madnes more to bee modeſtie, then valiauncie in battaile to be fortitude, but euery vertue is in his owne nature ſingularly good, ioygned to an other more good, cõcurring altogether

moſt good, & ſo make the thing to be where-in they be in madnes they bee as I haue proued, therefore Madnes is moſt good. All thinges in nature are grounded vppon theſe twoo, Loue, and Hate, and of (loue to let Hate paſſe) there be manye kyndes, the Loue of God, of our Parentes, of our frendes, of our Countrye, of our Wiues and Chyldren, and of our ſelues, and all theſe loues nature inferreth, whereby wee be combined and linked one to an other in full and perfecte league and amitye, nowe is there one loue which beareth the ſtroke, the Loue of procreation naturallye incidente to euerye one of vs, guyded as the Poetes faygne, by the pearcing ſhote and amorous arrowes of that litle wanton bope Cupido, whoſe Golden arrowe worketh Loue, and leaded darte engendreth hatred, and alas what is Loue, but a ſwete hate of our ſelues and a pleaſaũt Madnes, as Angelus Politianus notably recordeth in that boke, which is intituled *Stanze di Meſſer Angelo Politiano* where he bringeth in Iuliane Medices ſpeakinge to young Louers, parte of whoſe woordes in that place be theſe.

Coſtui

Costui ch'el vulgo errante chiamo Amore
E dolce ynsania

A Madnes svveete is he vvhom erring Loue
The common sorte do call.

And Fraunciscus Petrarcha, vereste, I suppose of his wittes for the Loue of his Ladye Laura in his Songes and Sonettes singeth thus:

Veggio senz'occhi, e non ho lingua egrido
E bramo di perir, e gieggio aita
E ho in odio me stesso, & amo altrui
Pascomi di dolor, piangendo, rido
Egualmente mi spiace morte & vita
In questo stato son Donna per vui.

With eyes I nothing se, my tongue is lost:
yet do I crye and languishe to my coste.
Desirous life to ende, yet healpe require,
Selfe hate me burnes vvhile loue stirres vp the fire.
With dole I feede my selfe, in teares I laughe
At life and death a like I fling the staffe.
In this estate I rest Madame for you.

How saye you by this geare, is Loue nowe madnes or not and yet as *Counte Baldessar Castilio* sayth, in his booke of the Courtier, if an hoste of Louers were in the fielde, and should hire euerye man but the cohortation of a weake woman to battayle there would

 be

be in suche bickeringe and suche murder, and smiting downe to please their Ladies, that after great hewinge & slashinge, they wolde lay their carckasses and mãy corpses before their eyes in the open fielde, or elles obtayne suche a precious and tryumphaunt victorye, that both sea and lande shoulde wholye be astonied, to beare the greate renowme & glorie thereof, Although Mantuan we knowe beinge a lustie Frere, and restrayned from his manelye appetites, and frõ the amorous girles, which peraduenture be more desired then deserued, cryeth out vpon Loue in this wyse:

Ludit amor sensus, oculos perstringit & aufert
Libertatem animi & mira nos fascinat arte.
Credo aliquis dæmõ subiens præcordia, flãmam
Concitat & raptam tollit de cardine mentem
Nec Deus vt perhibent amor est sed amaror
& error:

Loue all the senses dothe beguile
and bleareth al our eies.
It cuttes of freedome of the mynde
and makes vs gape for flies.
I thinke some furious fend of Hell
the hart doth this enflame,
And bringeth quite the same a dovvne
from loftie reasons frame:

Ne in

Ne is this Loue a God in deede
but lies and bitter bane.

Be it what it will be, it is certaynely a burninge fyre consuminge the sinewes, and percinge thorowe the boanes, and eatynge oute the peaseable quietnes of the mynde, euen as a mothe a garmente, as a Grashopper a greane Hearbe, as a rust and cankar al kinde of Mettal, in fire we see nothing but madnes, for it burneth and wasteth all thinges moste vehemently, in Loue of euery sort we perceaue nothinge but fire and zeale, for it freateth the harte, and burneth it vp moste fearcely, eyther because of the thing that it loueth, already, obtayned, or for the thing that it loueth to obtayne yt, whiche is the cause that Poetes in comedies, and Tragedies, haue set forth Ad viuum, the sundry loues of sundrye parsonnes, as of Ariadne, and Theseus, Medea and Iason, Deianira & Hercules, Clytemnestra and Hyppolitus, Paris and Helena, and that whiche Ouide singeth most for a wonder, the loue of Narcissus & Eccho: Pygmalion, & his Image: these are all set foorth to shewe the nature of loue moste igniferous and fyery, whiche neuer is stanched but by deathe or desire whereupon

this little reason may serue for proufe, all fire is madnes in his operation, euery Loue is a fire, therefore euery Loue is madnes.

But here by and by commeth Mounsieur Beaumains, and shaketh mee by the fiste, and sayth sir. Where is your fisher towne of Caletum, whose chiefe Marchaundise weere Spratsand pilchardes, which made all our Countrye men sicke of the yallowe Jandise, and of the whyte Leproste: bee shrewe my head Thurlpole and Gardener, the one with his whyte rodde, the other wyth his Perselye mattocke, well rescued the Towne, when the plum boates of Fraunce came in, to offer a poudred bullies, in the worshippe of Sayncte Nicolas to his Churche and Temple there, I cannot tell, quoth I, wher oure frynde Thurlepole was at that tyme I know wher he was at ane other time, videlicet at Rome wyth a certayne noble man of Englande, who for honoures sake shalbe nameleste, for that hee went more modestlye to worke then the other, as yee shall well heare, marcke the Comedye I praye you, it chaunced that these aforesayde entringe into Roome wyth solemne Procession, wyth Streamers and Banners, wyth bagpipes,

Belles

Belles and Basens, and all manner of solemnitye, the Popes holinesse and myghtye fatherhode in worshippe of Saincte Bancke the bawdye sente vnto their lodginges two Lemons to season theire wyne withe all for the greatioye that bee conceaued of that little Kirke of England, that was latly skipte into sayncte Peeters kaythe agayne and had put of the greasie buskines of that Hereticke Luther, as he termed it, the tempozall peare made answeare thanking his holines, that he had at home an Ozenge that better contented hym then his Leman.

Naye quothe the other pzelate (and put on stump Legges face on the matter I will never refuse our holy fathers gentlenes Et sic fuerunt duo in carne vna. As foz Gardener what should I speak of hym, foz I know he was aright gubbing monger of our Holy fathers Fisheboxde, and dyed accozdingelye but I am sure that these louinge wozmes wyth their cowplices, gaue the Towne foz Loue, because they would not haue theyze Countrye menne dye of the laske, by mean of whyte heringes: yette I am sure, that theire Loue was plaine Madnes: yet al the Catholikes from the moste to the leaste cõmended

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it, therefore such Catholike Madnes ought not to bee spoken agaynst. Now of vertues, let vs surcease our communication, for as it hath beene vttered, pleasures altogeather Madnes, yet nature hath inuented them: but Omne simile generat simile, so by consequente, nature is Madnes, yet what is better then nature? Naturā quippe sequentes ducem nunquam aberrauibus: saith Tullie. *vsig nature for our guidwe shal neuer go amisse.* And yet dooe wee not see that many are borne blynde by nature, dumbe by nature, fooles by nature, made men by nature, ah goodlye nature: but here they come with a goodlye Wype, and say, that perticular natures may be hindred, but the vniuersall nature it selfe cannot, as who should saye, that perticular natures proceede not from the vniuersal: but admitte wee graūt it true, what say they to these thinges that come? Preter naturam & Contra naturam: *Monsters of nature, can nature do any thing against it selfe.* For there is in these thinges, Motus & quies, there is matter and forme, and to conclude what is there not? yet are they borne contrary to the Lawes of nature, and to naturall thynges cōpared are monsters in nature, if so be that

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perticulare nature erred, in that it shoulde bringe foorth, then was the perticulare nature so deceiued mad, for nothinge striueth agaynst it selfe but madnes: but beyng Contra naturam, in deede agaynste all nature, as by common experience is proued (for monsters are in euery place) if a man would but describe the monsters of India and Arabia, where monsters bee moste common, and of euerye sort infinite, this shifte of Descante maye go sleepe in the deuthe hole, and so nature erreth vniuersally, or doth not at al, for monsters be in those places naturally borne, Thus woulde they make nature teare her owne coate and so by a Consequente nature is Madnes: but peraduenture they mean in these partes, and so the reason may stand: for as it is in these partes moste vnnaturall, to haue a monster brought foorthe, euen so for the most parte whatsoeuer is there brought foorthe, is monstrous: but to leaue this curious question whiche notwythstandynge myghte be well prosecuted, for the question is of Madnes, whatsoeuer is eternall, is nature and Uertue, Aristotle in his bokes, De Cæloet Mundo sayth, that the Worlde is eternall, and the reason is because it is a

glob

globe: and hath his circumference, and perpetuall motion, nowe of all eternalles, the most eternall is surely Vertue, which being proued before to accõpany Madnes: maketh the thing it selfe, whereunto it is ioygned of like nature, Bonum quo durantius eo melius *A good the more of continuance the better.* But nothing can bee of more continuaunce then Vertue whiche as hath beene alreadye proued is turned into Madnes, Ergo, nothing is better then Madnes. All the whole heade of man (as the wyse affirme) is deuided into three partes, the place of fantasie, the place of cõmon distinction and the place of memorye, fantasie conceiueth and offereth the formes of conceptes to common distinction to decerne, common distinction to memorye to retayne, nowe manifeste it is that the fantasie is decepued, and that it maketh man to offende especiallye when commen destinction geueth consent thereto, as well in formes in reasons which it conceiueth, for example informes maye appeare by the straunge deuises nowe a dayes, greate, bigge and boysterous, bumbarreld burste belled and burden buttocke Breeches, the wearers where of sithence such geare was inuented become

ſquare bounce buttockes whereof they neue not greatlye to be aſhamed, for I beleue no one thynge hath ſo many qualitpes, firſte in warre for wante they maye ſerue for greate Drummes, and if the Kynge haue neede the woꝛſte breeche in the company is able to cõmaunde tenne, twentye thouſand at a clappe in leſſe then halfe an howers warning, as for the tyme of peace in it they ſerue to manye purpoſes, firſt when hee rydeth they may ſerue very well for a paire of pulterers paniers, ſecondly when he goeth they may ſerue for Colliers ſackes, and laſtlye when hee ſitteth they may ſerue for fattes to kepe plate from rayne and ſnowe, & yet I had almoſte forgotten one thing that they maye ſerue for countynge howſes for Rattes to keepe their reckeninges in, and for liuerye ſtables to kepe quick cattle to rack and manger, and had not theſe profitable propertyes come to memoꝛye, I woulde paraduenture haue ſayde that theſe inuentions came frõ *Bedlem in Iuda*, but now knowinge what they bee indeed I can ſing of them as the Poete ſometimes did of the *Harpies*, which, defiled the meate of Eneas complyces.

Triſtius

Triſtius haud illis monſtrum nec ſæuior vlla
Peſtis, & ira Deûm Stigijs ſeſe extulit vndis

There neuer roſe more monſter fell,
or plague more dire and blacke:
Or ire of goddes or fendes of hell,
from gulfe of Stygian lack

As for ſtraunge deuiſes of fantaſie in Apparel, wherof common diſtinction miſſed, not ſo vprightlye decerneth as they haue taken effect in hic paſſer: ſo haue they wrought the ſame in hæc aquila, both hee and ſhee, and ſo reſpectinge the parſons in whom this exceſſe rageth, wee may ſay Nominatiuo hic & hec both naught: and reſpectinge the monſtrouſnes of the thinge, euery man will ſay: Nominatiuo hic, hec & hoc, ſtarke naught, Genitiuo huius, neuer worſe, Datiuo huic, neuer better, Accuſatiuo hunc, hanc, & hoc, out nettle in dock, one miſchiefe in an others necke Vocatiuo O Lorde amende it, Ablatiuo ab hoc, ab hac, & ab hoc, beware the plage, the pile, the peſtilence, and the pocke, theſe be the miſchiefs that follow pride who leadeth no wher els, but to ỹ ſigne of the ſhepeshead in Wincheſter to eate a gooſe.

Nowe ſee howe preatelye the chaunge one with an other, hee hath borowed of ſhe, the

mea

measure of shees greate verdingale to make hees greate hoose, and shee hath borowed of hee, the last vice shee sawe his coate to make shee a coate by God, sende them cappes fitte for the proporcion, but this much may I say without treason to my Lorde Maiors Mule, that theire womanheade is neuer the moore to weare it, neuerthelesse to leue beetyme: good Lord what haue I donne? I crye them mercie, I am sure I shall neuer come in their bokes agayn, I am wyped out of their Memento, I shall not haue a droppe of the milke of theire breastes if I woulde kneele down, & aske beawtye theire puppye forgiuenes, yea, & muche lesse stand by whan ẇ preatie shril voices the crye, fie haue away with this dogge, when they haue made a faulte, but in hope they wilbe reclamed and pardon my rudenes I will singe them a Greeke Epigramme which is this:

Πᾶσα γυν' χόλη ἐςίν, ἔχει δ' ἀγαθὰς δὺο ᾤ-
(ρας,
Τ τὴν μίαν ἐν θαλάμῳ, τὴν μίαν ἐν θανατῳ.

All vvomen are indeede misledde
Yet chieflye tvvoo good hovvers haue,
The one in chamber vvhen they vvedde,
the other vvhen they go to graue.

Whereof springe all these thinges verelye

vpon

vppon this that phantasie, hath perswaded common distinction, who once beynge ouerthrowen taketh euery thing that folish phãtasie vpon head perswadeth to be very singular, and vseth the same for head stronge reason, and this arryseth by the perturbations of the mynde, whiche once disquieted, altereth the heade & dryueth it into straunge quandares, estraunginge it often tymes from the Law of nature and procurynge ẅin the same a mortall combate by restraynte of vnderstandinge, whyle phantasye fighteth wyth distinction, and enfeebleth memorye in such sorte that vneth it is able to entertayne enye holesome lesson, or instruction if there bee suche a continuall battayle inwardlye in euery of vs, and yet the same necessary for the exercise of our Uertues (for Uices are the matters agaynst the which they worke) and Uertues before praued Madnes, seeyng the straunge effectes of phantasie wee must conclude, that neither outwardlye nor inwardly there is ought els but Madnes, but fantasie (sayth some) is natural: trueth: neither can be without perturbations: trueth: neyworketh any thinge but after a perturbated manner fondlye: truthe; yet it is naturall,

that

that is graunted before, I perceaue this mã is my friende, go too, go on, Natura agit propter finem, truth, *Nature doth al for some end.* And so doth fantasie likewyse, for it is a singular good and a part of vs without the whiche we cannot be, yet we esteeme not fantasie otherwyse then Madnes but whatsoeuer woorketh to ende, is reason, then fantasie ys reason, for it woorketh for ende, but fantasie is Madnes as is before sayde, therefore reason is Madnes, and what is moore woorthye then reason, and what is moore prayse woorthy then Madnes, which thing Democritus considering, plucked out his eyes as I thinke and all to studye the better, and trueth it ys that studye is Madnes, for manye haue bene knowen to renne Madde of studie, Qualis causa, talis effectus: *Such as the cause is such is the effecte.* Thus Ab effectibus studye is proued Madnes: moreouer where canne bee founde moore anger then in heauen, the firste moueable burleth so swiftly about from the Weast to the Easte, that if the other cireles strined not with contrarye motion from the Easte to the Weste, he woulde enflame the whole woorld and set all a fire, doth, not Sol and Iupiter in coniunction and cankered sie

Saturne, or Venus, or Mars, and some suche Planettes in Domo 2.7.or.9. or such lyke conspyre the destruction of Man and Beast, of hearbes, and trees, of all thinges vpon the earth, and of the earth it selfe: Reade the Prognosticatoures, and yet I reade of three greate Eclipses that are like to be this yere there is the Eclipse of Faythe, and the feare of god, and that is to common and to bee lamented and deplored with teares, marrye the twoo others Eclipses are not so sore, albeit somewhat greevous, and they bee the Eclipse of the pot when good Ale is out of towne, and the Eclips of the purse when Mayster Usurer and Cuthroate lyue by the bargaine, but to make retourne, if anger bee so greate, in Celestial bodies and planettes, and that naturallye incidente and allowed shall wee not thinke well of Madnes if the lesse be reputed, bee esteemed of, shall not the greater? the Philosopher coulde saye to his seruaunt, if I were not throughlye angrye how woulde I tormente thee, thus anger you see worketh pacience and forbearaunce, whiche is a rare gift in a wyse man, muche more then Madnes, whiche is the verye extremitye of anger, so then to bee a Mad man

is to

is to be a wise man, and I thinke the philosopher was then mad when he so sayd to his seruaunt, for hee himselfe confesseth himselfe to be throughlye angred. Cicero hath a Paradoxe well knowne ὅτι, πάντες οἱ σοφοι μονοὶ, ἐλεύθεροι: καὶ πάντες δὲ μοροὶ δοῦλοι That all wyse men onelye bee free men, and all fooles Bondslaues and demaundinge of himselfe, what libertye is, hee sayth, it is nothing els, but Potestas viuendi vt velis: *A power to liue as yee list.* And who liueth as he list? doth the poore man who alwayes cõplayneth himselfe of his greeuous miserye, and bewayleth to himselfe his most vnfortunate calamities? doth the riche man who the more he hath the more desireth, and yet feareth euerye houre to leese that hee hath? dothe the Ideote who knoweth not howe to order his lyfe? dooth the learned, who repyneth alwayes at an others knowledge? if no man therfore liue as hee list, then is no man free, if no man be free, then is no man wyse, for if this be true all wise menne are onelye free, then is this as true al free mẽ are onely wyse, but freedome and wisedome booth excluded the rest is nothinge but onelye folye, so then all menne are fooles euen nexte doore

to Madnes. The wyse man speaketh verye notable, Stultitiam simulare loco prudētia summa est. To counterfaite folye in place is the higheste wisdome, the sentence is moste wyse but Aristotles as good δελτιον εἶναι εφαινεσθαι, it is better to bee, thē to seme to be, sayd notably, as booth thought wyselye, now in my mynde the greateste follye that maye be is Madnes, whiche sithence it is ẏ verye ende that all thinges shoote at, muste needes be accompted the parfectest of al: and I doubt not but sithence the wyse men haue sayde theyr myndes, the one it is wysedome to counterfayte folye in place, the other better to be then seeme, but at the lest, if the one haue any defendauntes, the other shall haue al folowers, and thus wee shal al be extreme fooles, that is to saye, Madmenne, that is to say Wysemen, wee shall haue Genus & species, toste in the scholes emonge the Logitioners, Ad nauseam like a Tenise Bale, we shall haue sometymes Boares fleshe & Bul beife lyke a royster, sometimes cage ware, & cuckingstole hearbe grasse, lyke a Scolde, some tyme Marie Mawdlines beades, and Mereticular teares and treable tonged language emonge the Rhetoritians, to saye nothing

thinge of heauen gasers, Clocke keepers, ayre meaters, & of a number such like whose ende of studie, euerye manne knoweth to bee but Madnes, yet are they wonderfully praised and extolled, and I am one of them my selfe, whiche so doe praise theym, because I knowe they are fooles in moste extreamitie, and wil take paynes, I truste to defend this litle treatise from the handes and teethe of nippers, as proceding from a sincere mind and made of good will in the behalfe of theym all, wherein if I haue taken suche paynes, as I woulde haue wished then nature and arte, then reason and vertue, then wyse men & wysedome, then fooles & of al sortes, wil giue their dewe praise & honoure to Madnes.

FINIS